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SONGS OF  
MANY DAYS

By

• NINA SALAMAN

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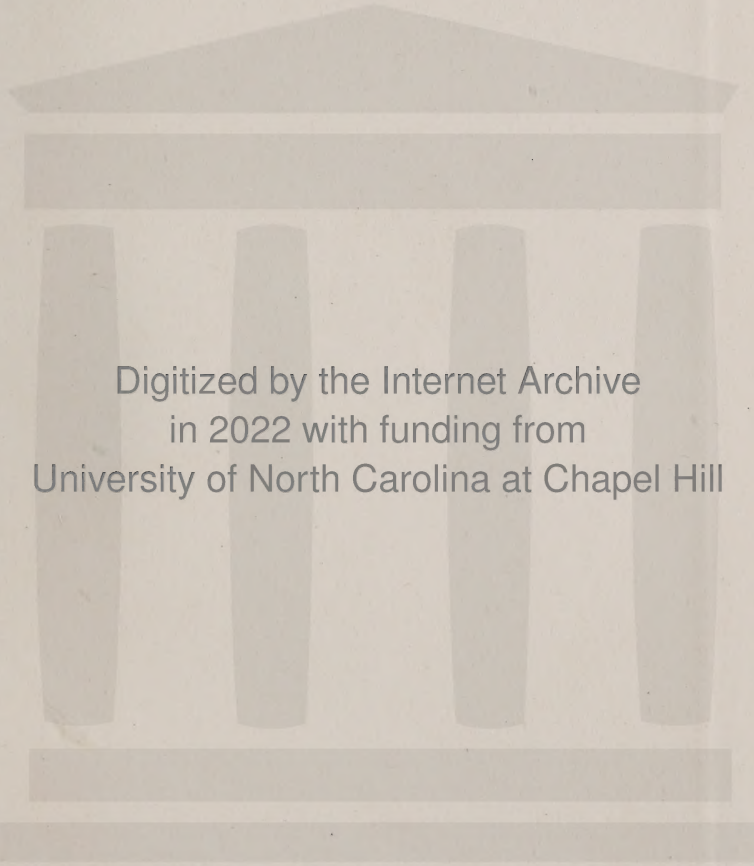


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BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SONGS OF EXILE (MACMILLAN)

THE VOICES OF THE RIVERS (CAMBRIDGE:  
BOWES & BOWES)

APPLES AND HONEY (HEINEMANN)

POEMS OF JEHUDA HALEVI, translated into  
English (*In the Press*)

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I am indebted to the Editors of *The Poetry Review*,  
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N. S.

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## LOST SONGS

HOW long the singing voices in my heart  
Have all been silent !—Day by day the  
sound

Of noisy nothings whirling through their round  
Of restless nullity has dulled the smart  
Which silencing of life's whole truer part  
Must cost the soul ; and hours and days abound  
When not one space for hearkening may be  
found,  
And not one stillness for the tears to start.

Only at night, amid the quiet rain,  
Or scent of flowers, or in the full moon's sight,  
Sometimes a thought comes back, and then the  
pain

Of some lost poem floating on the night  
Brings to the heart its inmost song again,  
The wakening whispers of its old delight.

## WINTER MORNING

THE moon rode high upon the morning sky,  
The waning moon, the moon that soon  
must die,  
And forth we went upon the hills to see  
And greet her fading light and say good-bye.

But no—in sparkle of the wintry weather  
She floated sweetly like a little feather ;  
And far into the daylight, there was she  
Smiling, and ruling night and day together.



## WINTER NIGHT

SWEET air of night,  
Blow in, blow in upon my breathless soul,  
Bearing new whispers from a world of light,  
Finding this world of darkness for thy goal.

Cold air of night,  
Telling the soul to reach out hands and  
grobe  
Onward and upward for a rift of sight—  
Blow in, blow in upon my deathless hope.

## A SAINT

A HEAD like the head of Savonarola, clear on  
a background of gold,  
Calmed with the ages and haloed like faces  
enshrined in heavens of old ;  
The face of a saint of the pictured dreams,  
eternal in glorious guise,  
Living the while—a man—with the blue of the  
heavens and seas in his eyes !

Look ye along the path of the world ;—is it  
fashioned for such as he ?  
Feel ye no shame of the world—no shame that  
his eyes should discern it and see ?  
Hasten ! set ye the world aright, that his gaze  
may rest on its grace,  
Lest ye turn and behold the pain in his eyes, the  
light die out from his face.

The moon that is fair in the eyes of all is fairest  
of all to him :  
So was it willed, that on nights of cloud, when  
the hope in the heart grows dim,  
He should be first to say, " How fair she is ! "   
when the moon at last  
Breaks through on the waiting world, and the  
hope is there, and the evil past.

Therefore seek ye to fashion the world as God  
has moulded the moon—  
Fairer for him than for all men, pure as the moon  
is—and watch how soon

His eyes will light with the joy, where pity abode  
in the other days ;  
He will be first to be glad ; but ye will follow  
and see and praise.

Say ye, “ But how shall we change the world ?  
how shall we turn it apart ?  
How shall we make it pure and white as the  
moon—with fire at its heart ? ”—  
I say to you : “ Watch ye his face—ye will fathom  
the way whither worlds should tend.  
Watch ; and seek ye of highest heaven the grace  
to call him friend.”



## IN THE SYNAGOGUE

'TIS long, long since your sweet and wistful  
singing  
Melted my heart and moulded it anew.  
Now on the tide of years I drift to you,  
The same heart bringing :  
And in this moment, lo ! I stand again  
Upon the brink of life ; and in my ears  
That same lone sound of singing, full of tears,  
Like dawn, like twilight, shimmering, mystical,  
Glad like the day, and like the darkness fain  
To lavish all  
Its wealth of balm and soothe an age-long pain.

Here in the gleam of re-arisen years  
My spirit leaps to meet some form akin,  
And memory stirs and wakes ; and deep  
within—  
Deep, deep within me something whispers low :  
“ Know'st thou thy heart ? ”  
And I make silent answer : “ Yea, I know :  
The heart, once lighted by these glories, grew  
Into their form, took on their glowing hue,  
And all the years hath stood awake, apart,  
Yearning to greet its vanished haunts anew.”  
So, having sought mine olden wonders long,  
I come to you—  
I come to you and find them in your song.

## THE DROUGHT

STILL lay the summer, wearied of the sun,  
Weary with hope for rain, too long desired,  
Seeking one moonless night, one day unfired  
By any beam, one sound of rain begun.  
Helpless in splendour, summer lay undone,  
Her fields ablaze, her flowers in flame attired,  
Her burnt leaves falling, while her hope aspired  
To save for autumn's kingdom every one.

But earth has opened not her mouth in vain :  
Past burning days and dewless silver nights  
She, thirsting for those whispers, hears again  
The first soft drippings laden with delights,  
And all her hope is risen to attain,  
Sunless at last, the glories of the rain.

## AT A CORNISH MINE

THE whirl and crash of hammer, bar and  
band,  
Engines and cunning wheels, call not to me.  
The giant rocks, the ever-changing sea,  
These tell me more than marvels of man's hand.  
Sometimes 'tis given me to understand  
The secret of the storm, when winds, set free,  
Join with exultant waters ; yet I flee  
This crash and whirl of chaos too well-planned.

Poor bounded mind, that will not seek the hope  
Men find in iron and the clash of wheels ;  
That, satisfied with one horizon's scope,  
Turns from the joy the mimic-maker feels.—  
Flash out, O sun, across the tossing ocean !  
Stay me with glory of unbounded motion.



## A VISION OF THE ROCKS

THE waves this day, against the silent rock,  
Are hurling all their host in storm and  
strain—

Great seas that, gathering strength, again, again  
Fall prone, and all their seething hearts unlock.  
To-day the waves—a wandering, surging flock  
Of passionate forms—are raising wild refrain,  
With souls for ever calling God in vain,  
And hands that helpless at His portals knock.

Israel, ye whose sovereign spirit braves  
The wrath of ages with triumphant psalm,  
How have ye come to seem a desolate sea,  
Your hope in tempest while the rock stands  
calm,  
Your godlike singing but incessant waves  
Lashing the silence of eternity ?

LAND'S END.

## IN SOLITUDE

IT is not parting that should make us grieve,  
Not parting that should bid us burn and ache.  
Since spirit-love can render for its sake  
A very heaven while the fates bereave ;  
And oft it seems our wasting lives must leave  
A light, because you walk the earth and slake  
The thirsty land and keep the fields awake  
With flowers of hope and thought, from morn  
till eve.

But yet our eyes are seeking, and our hands  
Grove through the dimness to be found and  
held.

It is a soul's love for its kindred soul—  
Yet, by its very spirit-power impelled,  
It builds a temple of the body's bands,  
The hands that meet, the eyes that find their  
goal.

## THE CALL OF THE STORM

LET me go down to the sea while it storms,  
while it rages—

The heart that will not rest, to the storm-  
tossed shore !

O world, unloose your bonds ; let me go to the  
tempest,

Hold me apart from the cry of the waves no  
more—

The voice that finds and needs no words for its  
anguish—

World, let me go and join in the storm that  
calls,

Merge my voiceless words with the wordless  
voices

Whose heart-known meanings soothe, whose  
passion enthralls.

Let me go down and sink my fire in the tempest,

Out to the voices thundering, crying to me !

World, let me go to the sea while it storms, while  
it rages—

The heart that will not rest, to the storm-  
tossed sea !

“ WHEN THE STARS SING  
TOGETHER—”

I LOOKED towards the stars so long  
Out of the dimness of my shadowed room,  
Not heeding how the cold winds came and fled,  
Nor how that sleep, with waiting wings out-  
spread,  
Stood ready to enfold me in their gloom.

Up in the sky a shining throng  
Made all the heavens tremble with their  
light :  
“ This is the hour,” I said, “ to hear the voice  
The heavens hear when all the stars rejoice  
In songs sung endlessly along the night.”

And yet towards that far-off song  
I hearkened for a whisper of its sound ;  
I heard the sigh of wind among the trees  
And softer murmuring of the quiet seas,  
But never a song from all the skies I found.

And now the wings of sleep grown strong,  
Closed in upon me, dark, with mighty bars,  
Hiding the heavens, blotting out my hope ;  
And still in dim despair I seemed to grope,  
When suddenly, the music of the stars !

## TWO DAWNS

ONE star still glimmers on the opening day,  
And deep below there flowers the red gold  
dawn ;  
While slowly, like a veil, is night with-  
drawn—  
And now the sun comes striding on his way.

\* \* \* \* \*

The darkness moves before the pale grey light,  
Trembles and doubts and never under-  
stands  
That day should lay unconsecrated hands  
Upon the holy kingdom of the night.



## SHALL WE NOT FIND THEE ?

SHALL we not find thee, O fugitive soul  
with the voice of a vision ?

Shall we not see thee and greet thee again as  
we knew thee of yore ?

Send us a whisper of thee from the heights and  
the deeps of thy silence ;

Grant us a gleam from the glory of light on  
thy luminous shore.

How shall we garner the sounds of the world  
disarrayed of their fullness ?

How shall we close up the circle of sound that  
is broken apart ?

Bitter the singing when one of its voices, the  
sweetest, is silent :

Where shall we seek for the music that linked  
up the world to the heart ?

Now we must suffer the droning of worlds or  
depart to the stillness ;

All of our days will be sounding with voices  
grown empty of song,

All of them full of the sun and the roar and the  
soul-blinding daylight,

Loud with the striving of men and the thunder  
and rush of the throng.

Only at night when we hark for the heavens to  
utter their voices,

Once on one night which the eyes of its God  
have been watching afar,

Shall we—aware and awake in the peace of the  
wonderful midnight—

Draw to our souls thy voice, that is loosed  
from the voice of a star ?

## OUT TO SEA

NOW the night is falling on the sea ;  
Now the ship is fading on the night ;—  
When she wrenched her giant ramparts free,  
She was clothed in pride and power and  
light.

Now while darkness joins the sky and sea,  
Now since gloom is fallen across her might,  
In that deep reunion where is she ?—  
Formless, nameless in a world of night.

Far with all her worlds upon the sea,  
One with all her souls in depth of night,  
Where at morn will these her spirits be ?  
Where at morn, when sunlight gives her  
sight ?

All her souls must wander on the sea,  
Drawn afar beneath the heavens' height ;  
Out to sightless spaces they must flee,  
On to soundless vistas of the night.

How shall these be led along the sea,  
Till the morning lift her from the night ?  
Can she draw them back to her, to see  
Daybreak, and the waters growing bright ?

Thou shalt look at morning o'er the sea—  
Thou, redeemed, arise to meet the light :  
Other arms are reaching out to thee,  
Stronger arms than all the arms of night.

## SATURDAY

NOT for us the Sabbath of the quiet  
streets,  
Sabbath, peaceful o'er the world outspread,  
Felt where every man his neighbour greets,  
Heard in hush of many a slowly passing tread.

Not the robe of silence for our holy day :  
Noisy run the worker and the player ;  
Toil and stir and laughter of the way  
Surge around the steps that seek a place of  
prayer.

Silent we, while through the thronging street  
and mart,  
Work-day clamour of the city rolls :—  
Cloistered inly, from the world apart,  
Ours it is to bear the Sabbath in our souls.



## RONDEL OF REMEMBRANCE

I HEAR your voice to-day through all the  
years,  
The crowding years that quell the sounds of  
old ;  
Out of the hush of memories manifold  
Only your voice to-day my spirit hears.

I know not what desire the silence bears  
That, in the twilight hour of grey and gold,  
I hear your voice to-day through all the years,  
The crowding years that quell the sounds of  
old.

The darkening day wakes strange forgotten  
fears—  
The trees are waving dimly in the cold—  
The olden wonders all my thoughts enfold—  
The wind is rising with a sound of tears—  
I hear your voice to-day through all the years.

## RONDEL OF LOVE AND DEATH

*T*HERE are no words for love, no words for death—\*

So sang one poet, knowing death and love.  
He loved and sang and died ; his dreamings  
move  
With thoughts of death and love on every  
breath.

'Mid love and death all singing hovereth ;  
All poets seek those paths and peaks above :  
“ There are no words for love, no words for  
death ”—  
So sang one poet, knowing death and love.

Alas, ye bards ! Your music languisheth ;  
What of these ways wherein ye searched and  
strove ?  
What of these things ye still be singing of ?  
Hearken a little and weep :—this poet saith  
“ There are no words for love, no words for  
death.”

\* Walter Headlam, “ Life and Poems.”

# A WOMAN'S WAR SONGS

## I

### WARTIME

AH, the clouded skies, the grieving hearts  
this winter !

Alas, the heavy rains, the flowing tears !

Ah, the grey days, hopeless of the sunshine !

Alas, the black nights and the lurking fears !

Where can man abide and find a gleam of day-  
break ?

Where is now a land shut out from war ?

Where a people now which shall, with heart of  
justice,

Lead the nations like a guiding star ?

We of scattered Israel, dumb through all the  
ages

Since the Law awaked a dreaming world,

Had we not a word to reach the ear of nations

Ere the thunderbolt of war was hurled ?

Wherefore else our agelong life, our wandering  
landless,

Every land our home for ill or good ?

Ours it was long since to join the hands of  
nations

Through the link of our own brotherhood.

*Winter, 1915.*

## II

### SPRING

HERE is the Spring again ; the morning  
breeze

Carries a memory of other Springs,  
And we, grown old in our brief solitude,  
Feel once again the deathless youth of things—  
Youth in our heart as in the heart of trees  
Eternally renewed—  
As though the flower, the flower, unfurled at  
last,  
Need never wake upon a wintry blast.

### III

#### THE LARK

THERE is the lark, like a star !  
Even this year, the lark !  
This year, when songs are dark  
And dumb in clamour of war—

Just as he sang last spring  
Up in the glory of blue,  
When tears in the world were few  
And men and women could sing.

\* \* \* \* \*

But now he swoops to the sod !  
Ah ! fail not yet, not yet—  
Let me but once forget,  
Let me forget, O God !

*Spring, 1915.*



## IV

### MIDSUMMER DAY

COLD and lonely it is to-night—  
Cold, and this was Midsummer-day.  
Last night there was a frost, they say,  
And many blossoms died outright.

To-morrow the fields will have their fill  
Of warmth to cheer the flowers again,  
Sun and cloud and summer rain,  
Shine and shade on vale and hill.

Cold and lonely it is to-night,  
And countless lives beneath the frost  
Fall like the summer blossoms lost,  
Wither and die before the light.

And many who waited long apart  
Will never find the sun again.  
To-morrow will bring them only rain  
And winter fallen on the heart.

# V

## THE GARDEN PARTY

**L**ONG lawns and, in the distance, hills blue  
 in the mist ;  
 Children playing and glad cries and laughter  
 filling the spaces ;  
 To and fro, along the smooth grass, within  
 sound of the laughter,  
 People passing, speaking softly together,  
 Speaking lightly sometimes—but in the back-  
 ground,  
 Showing its face between the words, behind the  
 silence,  
 Hovers the shadowy form that grasps at the  
 nations,  
 Spectre remorseless, clutching the heart of the  
 world.

DRUMRAUCK, *September*, 1915.

## VI

### TO ONE HEARD SINGING UNSEEN

**H**AD I but your voice, the very voice of  
thunder,  
A voice for trembling stars to cease their singing  
and bend their ear,  
How would I batter at the gates of Heaven !  
Never would I cease till God should hear.

Never would He leave His world unlit, unaided,  
Torn with a bitter force, and yet how dumb,  
and yet how weak !  
This my voice would find Him, past the  
clamour ;  
Hushed would be earth and heaven, and God  
would speak.

*September, 1915.*

## VII

### TO THE MOON IN WARTIME

YET thou art there, pale moon, in a patient  
sky,  
Beholding terrors done, and fire and death,  
And in thy realm of night canst yet move calm  
And silver pale, and never feel the flame  
Leap to thy heart as to the heart of earth—  
Never the fire of rage that tears her soul,  
Never the shame, never the burning force  
That drives her to an end she cannot see.

Yet thou canst look so calmly at our world !  
Nay, but O hide thyself till we emerge  
Out of the terror and madness—this red glare  
That makes the earth ashamed to see thy light,  
To move beneath thy whiteness and yet burn  
With shameful fires that long since died in thee.

Thou art too pure—thou never canst forgive.  
O turn away until we too grow still,  
Until we too shine silver-white and cold.

1916.

## VIII

### THE WIND IN WARTIME

THE wind calls loud to-night. We pay no heed.

He cannot make us sad as in the days  
He drew our hearts to seek his changeful ways,  
And gave us grief or gladness at our need.  
Sorrow is ours whichever way he lead :  
We live no more in gentle fugitive phase,  
Turned by his will at evening ; we can raise  
The weight of grief no more howe'er he plead.

Ah, winds of heaven in the wide free sky,  
Play with the stars but seek the world no more ;  
Call us not now : we can but strive and die,  
Creatures of stern set purpose, bent and sore.  
We dare not turn to you. Go, seek the stars,  
And leave our suffering world beneath her bars.

1917.

## IX

### THE SEA IN WARTIME

**T**O wake at night and hear the singing sea !  
To wake and watch the quiet dawn unfurled !—

Is this the world—

The world whose seas are harbouring hidden death,

Whose skies are riven through with fiery breath ?

So still the sky and sea—

And all one world !

Good must arise again to bless the world :  
The sea calls softly ; all the sky grows bright.

This is the light—

The light of love to win the world at last ;  
Love must arise and break the ruinous past.

O Love, this is thy world !

Give it thy light.

FAR END, *March*, 1917.



## X

### THE DAYBREAK

ZION, memory and hope of ages,  
Art thou rising from the vale of tears ?  
Art thou turning now the last dark pages  
Written with the blood of countless years ?

\* \* \* \* \*

In the east a golden light is breaking—  
Israel, fly to meet the age-long hope !  
But the world—that world thou art forsaking,  
Long, how long will she in darkness grope ?

All of you who cannot greet the morning,  
You of Israel left amid the lands,  
Even you who meet the hope with scorning,  
Now come forth and work with heart and  
hands.

Work for Zion, that she rise untainted,  
That she stand a beacon to the world  
Proving true to all her memories sainted,  
Holding up to all her scroll unfurled.

Help now Zion, that, through her, the sorrow  
Of a hapless wounded world be healed,  
That, through you, the dawn of Zion's morrow  
Be a light to all the earth revealed.

1917.

## XI

### IN THE TRAIN

THROUGH the sunset I am coming near to  
you,  
Through the meadows gold with buttercups,  
Past the streams that give in perfect stillness  
back

Pictures of the sky.—  
Peace, all peace, and yet there is no peace,—  
But at sunset, through the fields of buttercups  
I am coming near to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the sky is golden red and all the water  
gold ;  
Slowly sinks the glorious sun behind the low  
green hill—  
Slowly sinks he great and calm—and our sad  
earth  
Turns her face away ; and all the light  
Fades and fades—  
Peace, she saith, and lo, there is no peace—yet  
I at last  
After sunset, with the light grown cold, the  
heart grown still,  
Seeking peace and light, am come to you.

*June, 1917.*

## XII

### SONG OF PEACE IN WAR

STILL shadows of the glowing summer day,  
Sweet coolness 'mid the green and golden  
fields,

And all the gentle thoughts the shadow yields—  
These are for us sometimes along our way :

*These are for us, for us to-day,  
With all the world's peace stolen away.*

Out in the world, life calls you day and night,  
Glowing and pulsing, burning gold and blue ;  
Yet in your shadowed soul, at peace with you  
Are sweeter thoughts and rest and all delight.

*These are for us, for us to-day—  
A moment, ere they melt away.*

*June, 1917.*

### XIII

## MARCHING SONG OF THE JUDEANS

**Z**ION, our Mother, calling to thy sons,  
We are coming, we are coming to thine  
aid.

Spread among the nations, we thy loving ones,  
We are ready, we are coming, unafraid.

All along the ages thou wert lying waste,  
We were waiting, we were looking to the goal.  
Thou wert always calling, calling us to haste ;  
We were hoping and we heard thee in our  
soul.

Other men have found thee but a stony height ;  
It is we can bring the blessing to thy soil—  
Only we, thy children, precious in thy sight—  
We shall prove thee, we shall save thee by our  
toil.

Zion, our Mother, now thy sons depart ;  
We are coming while thou watchest there  
alone.

Heart amid the nations, beating with our heart,  
We are ready, we are coming—we, thine own.

*February, 1918.*

## XIV

### SUMMER IN WARTIME

THE Summer blazes from reluctant Spring,  
Bedecked and tasselled, white and red and  
gold,  
Whitethorn and redthorn laughing as of old,  
Chestnut in flaunting splendour like a king.  
Lilacs once more their fairy odours fling,  
Laburnums bind the sunbeams in their hold,  
And wondrously the roses all unfold  
And not one heart-known bird forgets to sing.

Ah ! bring us gladness of the summer day !  
Such joy as once shone forth from flowering  
trees,  
Such hope that sang its secret in the breeze,  
And stirred the heart of all the world in May.  
Ah, give us, give us joy again of these,  
Ere yet the memories in them fade away.

*May, 1918.*

## XV

### HOME-COMING SONG

O MOON of Spring, he comes—will you  
wane again ?

You will not wane,  
But wait for him—he is coming soon, my  
moon—

He is coming soon !  
You will wait and watch afar awhile and smile,  
You will stay awhile,  
And light the seeking eyes that were dim for  
him—

So long were dim ;  
Your face will shine on mine till the sun be  
won—  
At last, the sun !

*April, 1919.*

## XVI

### THE REQUITAL

JUDAH, O help the world !  
Judah, O save the world !  
Look, she is falling,  
Hark, she is calling.  
You that are turning  
Back from her spurning,  
Glad to your land,  
Rise now and help the world—  
Reach forth a hand.

Look on the suffering world,  
Judah, the stricken world !  
Fain had you loved her—  
Nay, but you proved her  
Cruel in heart to you,  
False in her part to you—  
Now she lies prone ;  
Yet you can save the world,  
Judah, alone.

Long have you walked the world,  
Patient to serve the world,  
Done as she bade you,  
Been what she made you,  
Under the rod of her,  
Making a god of her—  
Now you can stand  
Upright and save the world,  
Free on your land.



How could you save the world ?  
How could you reach the world ?  
    Pent in the Pales of her,  
    Weighed in false scales of her,  
    Living and dying  
    Dumbly denying,  
    Vain your appeal !  
Judah, how save the world,  
    Lashed to her wheel ?

Yet you must save the world,  
Judah, the stricken world !  
    You that are turning  
    Back from her spurning,  
    Sad from the smart of her  
    Home to the heart of her—  
    Zion set free !  
Thence you can save the world,  
    Few though you be.

Judah to help the world !  
Judah to save the world !  
    Yours to deliver,  
    Healer and giver ;  
    You, the rejected,  
    Purged and perfected,  
    Rise from her grave,  
Saved but to save the world,  
    Chosen to save !



## EIGHT TRANSLATIONS



## COME, MY BELOVÈD

*Lekha Dodi. (Hymn for Sabbath Eve.)*

Translated from the Hebrew of Solomon Halevi  
(early Sixteenth Century).

*(The singer meets his friend on the Sabbath  
Eve, and leads him on to welcome the Sabbath.)*

COME, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.

“ Keep and remember,” \* said the Lord,  
The only God, in a single word.  
The Lord is One, and one His Name ;  
This is His glory and praise and fame.

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

To meet the Sabbath let us go ;  
She is the fount whence blessings flow,  
In earliest beginnings wrought—  
Last to be made, but first in thought.

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

O sacred city, royal shrine,  
Arise from out these ruins thine !

\* Referring to the variation in the two versions of the Fourth  
Commandment: Ex. xxi. 8 ; and Deut. v. 12.

Too long hast sat in the vale of tears,  
For He that is full of pity hears.

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

So shake thee from the dust ; arise,  
Bedeck thy form in glorious guise ;  
Because of David, Jesse's son,  
Be now my soul's redemption won.

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

O wake thee, wake thee, people mine !  
Thy light is come—arise and shine !  
Awake and sing, for all can see  
The glory of the Lord on thee.

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

Be not ashamed, be not dismayed ;  
Why art cast down and why afraid ?—  
(In Thee my suffering people trust  
To raise their city from the dust.)

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

And they that spoil shall be despoiled,  
They that would swallow thee be foiled,  
Thy God rejoicing at thy side  
Like groom rejoicing o'er his bride.

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

To right and left hand thou shalt spread,  
And serve the Lord with love and dread ;  
And through the stock which Perez \* bore  
Shall we be glad for evermore.

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

Crown of thy husband, come in peace,  
O come with joy and glad release !  
Amid the faithful now abide—  
Amid the chosen—Come, O Bride !

*Come, my beloved, to meet the Bride ;  
Now welcome we the Sabbath-tide.*

\* A son of Judah and ancestor of David and of the Messiah indicated in this verse.



## THE LITTLE SISTER.\*

### *Song for the New Year.*

Translated from the Hebrew of Abraham Hazan  
(Sixteenth Century).

THE "little sister" sets her prayers before  
Thee,  
And sings the praises which to Thee she  
owes.  
O God, send healing for her deep affliction—  
The old year end together with her woes !

She calls Thee always with her words of sweet-  
ness,  
With praises due to Thee in every age.  
Why hidest Thou Thine eyes, nor ever heedest,  
The while that strangers eat her heritage ?  
*The old year end together with her woes !*

O feed Thy flocks again which lions scattered,  
Pour out Thy wrath on those which cry,  
Destroy !  
Which broke and stripped the vine Thy right  
hand planted,  
And left her scarce the gleanings of her joy.  
*The old year end together with her woes !*

\* A Talmudic reference to Israel among the nations (Song of  
Sengs, viii. 8).

When wilt Thou raise Thy daughter from the  
dungeon—

Out of the prison house, and break her yoke,  
And, working wonders, gird Thee like a hero  
To bring their doom on them which dealt the  
stroke ?

*The old year end together with her woes !*

The nations in their greed have robbed her sub-  
stance,

Full of her good things, each hath seized his  
prey ;

They tear her heart, and yet in all her trial  
Her steps have never swerved from off Thy  
way.

*The old year end together with her woes !*

Her song is silenced, but desire prevaieth

To seek delight in nearness of her Friend.

Then banish sorrow from her burdened spirit ;

The olden love of her espousals send.

*The old year end together with her woes !*

O lead her gently to her restful dwelling,

Too long forsaken, and her Lover mute !

But she is putting forth her buds and blossoms,

Though yet unripe the clusters of her fruit.

*The old year end together with her woes !*

Be strong, be glad, for desolation endeth ;  
Hope ye in God who keeps His bond for aye,  
Who saith again—while ye go forth to Zion—  
“ Cast up, cast up her paths, prepare the  
way ! ”

*Now with her blessings comes the New  
Year's Day !*

## SONG

Translated from the Hebrew of Rachel Morpurgo of Trieste (late Eighteenth Century), who composed this poem at the age of seventy-seven years.

AH, vale of woe, of gloom and darkness  
moulded,

How long wilt hold me bound in double  
chain ?

Better to die—to rest in shadows folded,  
Than thus to grope amid the depths in vain !

I watch the eternal hills, the far, far lying,  
With glorious flowers ever over-run ;  
I take me eagles' wings, with vision flying  
And brow upraised to look upon the sun.

Ye skies, how fair the paths about your spaces !  
There freedom shines for ever like a star ;  
The winds are blowing through your lofty  
places,  
And who, ah, who can say how sweet they  
are ?

## MARTYR SONG

*Brich aus in lauten Klagen,  
Du düst're Märtyrerlied—*

Translated from the German of H. Heine (early  
Nineteenth Century).

**B**REAK out in loud lamenting,  
Thou sombre martyr song,  
That all aflame I have carried  
In my silent soul so long.

Into all ears it presses,  
Thence every heart to gain—  
I have conjured up so fiercely  
The thousand-year-old pain.

The great and small are weeping,  
Even men so cold of eye ;  
The women weep and the flowers,  
The stars are weeping on high.

And all these tears are flowing  
In silent brotherhood  
Southward—flowing and falling  
All into Jordan's flood.

## MILTON BLIND

Translated from the Hebrew of Salkinson (Nineteenth Century). Prefatory to his Hebrew version of "Paradise Lost."

WITHIN the fair green garden of the Lord  
The blind man walked as one with seeing  
eyes,

And from the fragrant tree of life, distilled,  
As with perfumer's art, the oil of myrrh,  
And offered it within a silver bowl,  
A gift for all who hearken at his lips.

And now the oil is poured from out the bowl,  
The silver bowl of Britain's speech, to fill  
A golden vessel from a chosen land,  
The golden vessel of the Hebrew tongue—  
A little, but a precious, offering  
To Judah's virgin daughter for her own.

## HATIKVAH \*

Translated from the Hebrew of N. H. Imber (Nineteenth Century).

WHILE ever yet unchanged within his  
breast,  
The inmost heart of Israel yearns,  
And seeking still the borders of the East  
His loving gaze to Zion turns—

So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope, through ages  
felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly,  
Home to the height where David  
dwelt.

While yet our eyes have never ceased to flow  
With tears like Heaven's plenteous rain,  
And tens of thousands of our people go  
To find the fathers' graves again—

*So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope, through ages  
felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly,  
Home to the height where David  
dwelt.*

\* The Hope : The Zionist National Anthem.



And while one wall of all our soul held dear  
Yet looms erect before our eyes,  
And on our sacred ruin still one tear  
Is shed beneath the watchful skies—

*So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope, through ages felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly,  
Home to the height where David dwelt.*

While yet the Jordan's waters proud and free  
Flow o'er his banks and forward bound,  
And fall into the sea of Galilee  
With storm and crash of mighty sound—

*So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope, through ages felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly,  
Home to the height where David dwelt.*

While yet along the ways one stricken gate  
Its guardianship of ruin keeps,  
And 'mid Jerusalem all desolate  
Still Zion's daughter sits and weeps—

*So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope through ages felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly ;  
Home to the height where David dwelt.*

While yet from out the fountain of her eyes  
The crystal stream of tears is drawn,  
And at the midnight hour doth she arise  
To weep for Zion ere the dawn—

*So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope, through ages felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly,  
Home to the height where David dwelt.*

While yet our blood through every glowing vein  
Flows back and forth in fiery waves,  
And still the evening dew in gentle rain  
Is falling on our fathers' graves—

*So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope, through ages felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly,  
Home to the height where David dwelt.*

And while the passion for his ancient race  
In Israel's heart is beating yet,  
We still can hope that God will show us grace  
And in His love His wrath forget.

*So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope, through ages felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly,  
Home to the height where David dwelt.*

Hearken, O brothers, when our prophets call,  
Where you in lands of darkness grope,  
For when the last of Israel's sons shall fall,  
Only with him shall fall our Hope.

*So long our hope will never die,  
Yea, this our hope, through ages felt,  
Back to our fathers' land to fly,  
Home to the height where David dwelt.*

## “SURELY THE PEOPLE IS GRASS”

Translated from the Hebrew of H. N. Bialik (Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries).

*“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people is grass.”—ISAIAH xl. 7.*

SURELY the people is grass, now do they  
fade like a blossom ;  
Surely the people is slain—it is slain with a  
slaughter unending.

Lo ! when the voice of their God thunders about  
them for ever,  
This is a people that moves not, a people that  
stirs not nor trembles ;

Nor do they rise like a lion, nor like a young lion  
waken,  
Nor at the voice do they tremble, never a man  
of them stirreth.

Nay, and the hearts of the people thrill not with  
gladness together,  
When from the eastward and westward, calling  
from ocean to ocean,

Eager to make themselves known as seed of the  
God ever living,  
Sons of their own come flocking, drawn from  
afar at His summons.

Nor do they reach forth the hand, questioning  
all of their welfare,  
All that have called on His name, all that are  
blameless and faithful.

Now in a tumult of folly, of people surrounding  
their idols,  
Quelled is the message of God, silenced the  
might of His thunder.

Deep in the heart of the foolish, with evil and  
shame and reviling,  
Scorned is the word of the Lord, set as a mark  
for derision.

Surely the people wither, full of their vileness  
and venom,  
Yea, from the foot to the head, all of it rotten  
and worthless :

Seeing they raised not a man from their midst in  
the day of their anguish,  
One that was mighty in works, living, whose  
heart should impel him ;

One in whose heart should burn a spark to  
enkindle the life-blood ;  
One from whose brow a flame should light up  
the path of the people ;

One who would treasure the name of his God  
and the name of the nation  
Far over wealth of gold, more than the falsehood  
of idols.

Lifting of heart would be his, truth in its fullness  
and power,

Hate of his people's portion, their lifetime of  
scorning and bondage ;

Pity as great as the sea, compassion as wide as  
their ruin,

Wide as his people's weakness, strong as the  
weight of the burden ;

These would surge in his heart, surge and rage  
like the ocean ;

These would burn like a fire, burn in the blood  
till it kindle ;

These would thunder with joy, by day and by  
night unceasing :

“ Rise ye and serve ! and work ! for the hand of  
our God is with us.”

Surely the people perish, they breathe but  
shame and scorning.

None of their works have foundation ; law is  
there none in their doings.

Ages of endless wandering, exile too vast for  
endurance,

Turned all the heart of them backward ; counsel  
has died from the nation.

Taught of the rod and the lash, can they per-  
ceive now their anguish—

Shame and pain of the spirit—ought but the  
thrall of the body ?

Have they the heart to care for other than care  
of the moment—

Men that are lost in the darkness, deep in the  
pit of the exile ?

Can they now lift up their soul to the day or be  
prophets of morning,

Draw out their hope to the end, send on the  
word to the future ?

Never will these awake, except that the scourge  
awake them ;

Never will these arise, with only the ruin to  
rouse them.

Dried is the leaf from the tree, the hyssop is  
blown to the whirlwind ;

Waste is the vine and the flower decayed—can  
the dew now revive them ?

Yea, when the trumpet sounds, when the banner  
at last is uplifted,

Then shall the dead awake ? the dead awaken  
and tremble ?



## A PSALM IN THE SILENCE

Translated from the Hebrew of the Author.

MY God, Thou art exceeding silent unto me ;  
Thou hast set Thy glory in silence.  
Blessed art Thou, O Lord,  
Because I have called and Thou answerest  
not,  
I have cried, and Thou sayest not, " I am  
here " ;  
But Thou grantest me to trust in Thee,  
To perceive in the darkness Thy Presence.  
I said in mine heart : " Will He be silent for  
ever ?  
Will the Lord forsake to all eternity ? "  
And my heart answered, but not Thou,  
And my soul returned me word.  
And even unto death I will wait for Thee,  
And unto the grave I will hope for Thee ;  
Yea, though for ever and ever I hear not Thy  
voice.

O Lord, wilt Thou be always silent ?  
Wilt Thou hold Thy peace unto the utmost  
length of days ?  
Blessed be the Lord who hath upheld me  
Through trust in Him.









